

PARASITES IN DAIRY HERD.

They Look Like Real Cows, But They Are Not.

The average dairy herd has several of these examples of progress in it. They fasten themselves to the farmers' pocketbooks and suck incessantly.

The patience that the average farmer has with free feeders is indeed very pathetic; such self-sacrifice is seldom equaled. The farmer who has purchased a few good bricks is a thing of the past, however, and the progress of the several good bricks around your place now, if you would just take the trouble to find them. You are the dupe of some old dumb brute, who boards on your place. You would also find what cows deserve credit for that have no such check that comes in so handy every time.

I once heard one of these old free feeders remark: "Actually, I am

"Give me my supper. He is no my."

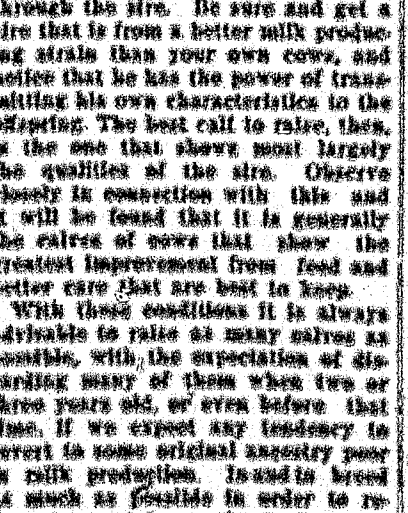
Well, "there are no gains without pains," and is it more difficult than to keep cows that are eating up your profits every day? Do you expect the cow to come and tell you that she is not earning her board? A sensible, sober cow that is in her right mind won't do it. Do not leave your purses wide open for those parasites, for they will certainly make you will lean and

Mr. feed and management, declares

you? You simply cannot tell the good cows from the poor ones unless you weigh and test. What you think is your best cow may have her account in red ink and still steadily be over-drawing. Get your neighbor interested in this sort of work. Talk to the creamery man about it. He will be glad to help you in any way that he can. Some arrangement may be made by which he would do your testing for you. He would at least allow you the use of his tester.

and it should spring a leak, you

tion, it is transmitted largely



to be a good strain of cows. However, during this time we must not forget the fact that better feed and care has a great deal to do with the improvement of the herd. This is particularly the case in the development of a better feed. Feed them good, nutritious feed during their growing period. Give them plenty of exercise and fresh air and a good, clean, healthy place to sleep. After a cow has produced their first calf, if they have been kept up to the standard of a good cow, should be continued and continue to breed from those that produce milk and butter.

For Sale by W. E. Bosserman.

BETHEL, MAINE.

Ask about Dutchess Trousers

Ten cents a button, one dollar a rip.

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

It is composed of Cotton Seed Meal, Gluten Feed, Corn, Oats and Barley product with Molasses and is **STRICTLY UNADULTERATED**. No healthier or profitable feed for dairy purposes can be devised.

It makes healthier and fatter
cows, more and better milk for
less money than any other feed.
Feed equal amounts in weight as you do
of other grains. Sold by

What He Was.
Masked Man (dashing into a parlor car on Western railroad)—Held up your hands.

Passenger—Don't shoot, please. Take all I've got, and welcome.

Masked Man—This is a big pile of money, so I'll give you ten dollars of it each. I may be a train robber, but I ain't no parlor car porter.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Opinions.
Lawyer—Judging from your replies, we do not seem to have any opinions in any subject.

President Jarrow—No, sir; I ain't tried to have no opinion of my own for a whole many years.

"Hush! How many years?"

"Oh, I dunner ever since I married."—N. Y. Weekly.

It All Depends.
Miss Knox—There's a scandalous story about her in this morning's Daily Bowler.

Miss Goodart—But you can't believe anything you read in that paper.

Miss Knox—I can if I want to.

His Tact.
"Could you learn to love me, Miss Gottenburg?"

"I'm afraid I never could, Mr. Brock."

"Oh, come—now's never too old to learn."—Cleveland Leader.

Marital Amanties.
Mr. Jewbach—How well Kipling has described this state of baah!

Mrs. Jewbach—How?

Mr. Jewbach—A reg and a home and a bath of ash.—How?

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C. E. TOLMAN & CO., South Paris, Maine.
FIRE INSURANCE, Pianos, Organs and Musical Md's

FRIDAY THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

Chapter I.

"Friday, the 13th; I thought as much, if Bob had started, there would be hell, but I will see what I can do." The sound of my voice as I dropped the receiver seemed to part the mist of five years and usher me into the world of then as though it had never passed on.

I had been sitting in my office, letting the tape slide through my fingers while its every yard spelled "panic" in a constantly rising voice, when they told me that Browney on the floor of the exchange wanted me at the "phone, and quick." Browney was our junior partner and floor man. He talked with a rush. Stock exchange floor men in panics never let their speech hobble.

"Mr. Randolph, it's scolding over here, and it's getting hotter every second. It's Bob—that is evident to all. If he keeps up this pace for 20 minutes longer, the sulphur will overflow the street and get into the looks and into the country, and no man can tell how much territory will be burned over by his scolding. The boys have begged me to ask you to throw yourself into the breach and stay him. They agree you are the only hope now."

"Are you sure, Fred, that this is Bob's work?" I asked. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I have just come from his

had been fingering the tape, watching five and ten millions crumbling from price values every few minutes. I was sure this was the work of Bob Brownley. No one else in Wall street had the power, the nerve, and the devilish cruelty to rip things as they had been. The night before I had passed Bob in the theater lobby. I gave him close scrutiny and saw the look of which I of all men best knew the meaning. The big brown eyes were set on space; the outer corners of the handsome mouth were drawn hard and tense as though weighted. As I had my wife with me it was impossible to follow him, but when I got home I called up his house and his club, intending to ask him to run up and smoke a cigar with me, but could locate him nowhere. I tried again in the morning without success, but when just before noon the tape began to jump and flash and snarl, I remembered Bob's ugly mood, and all it portended.

Fred Brownley was Bob's youngest brother, 12 years his junior. He had been with Randolph & Randolph from the day he left college, and for over a year had been our most trusted stock exchange man. Bob Brownley, when himself, was as fond of his "baby brother," as he called him, as his beautiful southern mother was of both; but when the devil had posses-

Nineteen years ago I was graduated from Harvard. My classmates and I, Bob Brownley, of Richmond, Va., was graduated with me. He was class poet, 1. yard marshal. We had been four years together at St. Paul's previous to entering Harvard. No girl and lover were fonder than we of each other.

My people had money and to spare, and with it a hard-headed, northern horse sense. The Brownleys were poor as church mice, but they had the brilliant, virile blood of the old southern oligarchy and the romantic, "Alabama-on-one" Dixie-land pride of before-the-war days, when southern prodigality and hospitality were found wherever women were fair and men's mirrors in the bottom of their julep glasses.

Bob's father, one of the big, white pillars of southern aristocracy, had gone through congress and the senate of his country to the tune of "Spend and Not Spare," which left his widow and three younger daughters and a small son dependent upon Bob, his eldest.

Many a warm summer afternoon, as Bob and I paddled down the Charles, and often on a cold, crisp night as we sat in my shooting-box on the Cape Cod shore, had we matched up for our future. I was to have the inside run of the great banking business of Randolph & Randolph, and Bob was eventually to represent my father's firm on the floor of the stock exchange. "I'd die in an office," Bob used to say, "and the floor of the stock exchange is just the chimney-place to roast my hoo-e-cake in." So when our college days were over my able older brother stood up against the wall in his office, and tried us by his tests, and proud we both were when dad said: "Jim, you and Bob have chosen well. You, Jim, are just the chap to step into my shoes, and Bob is cut for a thirty-second and sixty-fourth of the floor. Proud we were, not so much because of what my father's decision meant for our future, for we knew we should go into the business all right, but because our judgment was endorsed by one we both thought as near infallible as man could be in anything pertaining to business affairs.

Bob was then 22 and I a year older—one of your raw-boned New England lads, not much for prettiness, but willing to weigh in race-day with any of the world's best. He was a fine looking fellow, six feet tall, his gym sandals straight as an arrow, with the form of an Indian, and one of those clean, brave, all-for-heart-to-which men yield willing friendliness, and women, fidelity. Bob's eyes were as big and round and purple-brown as an English bulldog's, unfathomable, at once mild and stern, with a childish comeliness and go, his nose as straight as though chiseled by a master for a Greek medallion, with this curved lip to correspond, and a high, broad forehead, whose whiteness was set off by a luxuriance of hair that seemed jet-black, but was of the same rare purple-brown as his eyes. But it was the poise of Bob's head that gave his good looks their crown. Who ever has seen a bunch of two-year-old colts in a long-gone Kentucky paddock, when the dark boy lets loose his shrill whistle at "taking-up time," is sure to remember one that threw up its head and kept it poised to make sure it had caught the call. Grace, strength and unharassed wayward leadership are there personified. Some such suggestion was ever in the carriage of Bob's shapely head and vigorous figure, and dull indeed would be the man or woman who failed to recognize the man's rare distinction and masterfulness.

Indeed, as I said a bit back, Bob Brownley was by all odds one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, but besides that, he was a sterling, manly, unaffected fellow, as true as steel, as brave as a lion and the best comrade friend ever had. Perhaps it was because his father's death had saddled Bob's youth with the heavy responsibilities of husband and directing his family's slim finances that he took to business as a swallow to the air. We entered the office of Randolph & Randolph on the same day, and on its anniversary, a year later, my father summoned us into his office for a sort of tally-up talk. Neither of us quite knew what was coming, and we thrilled with pleasure when he said: "Jim, you and Bob have fairly outdone my expectations. I have had my eye on both of you and I want you to know that the kind of industry and business intelligence you have shown here would have won you recognition in any banking house on the street. I want you both in the firm—Jim to learn his way round so he can step into my shoes; you, Bob, to take one of the firm's seats on the stock exchange."

Bob's face went red and then pale with happiness as he reached for my father's hand. "I'm very grateful to you, sir, far more so than words can say, but I want to talk this proposition of yours over with Jim here first. He knows me better than anyone else in the world, and I've some ideas I'd like to throw out with him."

"Speak up here, Bob," said my father.

(To be continued.)

Of course, I thought you said

your wife could cash.

His Mother—Then what are you

giving about?

His Son—She won't—Chicago Daily

News.

MIXED UP THE PRESENTS.

Bride in Frightful State of Unrest Because of Carelessness.

"We have some funny experiences in June right when the weddings are the thickest," remarked a jeweler, "but I never had anything quite like that one—nothing exactly like it," as he jerked his head in the direction of an alarm-eyed little woman who had just fitted out the front door.

"She came in with about four packages, one large and four small, and she said she was a bride, and she would like to identify. Of course, she could tell where they were bought by the boxes. She said she had got all mixed up on who gave them to her—lost the cards or something—and unless I could remember who bought them she would be up against it—wouldn't know who to thank for the things."

"It happened that I knew the woman who bought the salad fork and I remembered selling the bread box to a man whose name I didn't know. I gave her a description of him, and after a while she gurgled, 'Oh, yes, I know now.' So that fixed two of them for her. The clerk that sold the other two things couldn't remember what the people looked like that bought them, and she'll just have to write to the most likely people and thank them, without mentioning just what for."

"I've had people come in to inquire the price of things, but that's the first request for identification of that sort."

WHERE IS "DICKENS" SLAB?"

Famous Piece of Mahogany Has Disappeared From St. Louis.

"I would like to know," said an old saloon man of St. Louis, "what has become of the famous mahogany slab that once formed the bar counter of the old Planters' house. People called it the Dickens slab, because when the novelist was in this city he staid at the Planters' house, and they do say that he spent a good deal of his time leaning his elbow on that slab, which therefore went by his name. When the Planters' house was taken down the big mahogany slab nearly 20 feet long, three feet wide and two or three inches thick, was bought by a saloon man, but his house, too, a few years later, came under the hands of the wreckers, and the Dickens slab disappeared. A piece of mahogany like that could hardly be bought now for any figure, for mahogany is among the costliest of woods and now used only for veneering. The slab would be worth several hundred dollars to a furniture maker, more than this to somebody who cherished old associations, for while that slab was in the Planters' every old citizen of St. Louis who drank at all, and every celebrity who came to town, help to shine the elbows of his coat by friction on that slab."

Nature-Faking Fads.

To print a photograph on an apple no sensitizer is used, only the delicate art of "nature-faking." The necessary is an apple tree bearing a fruit which rapidly reddens as it becomes ripe and a little film negative of your loved one. Simply attach the film to the sunny side of the apple with white of egg and let nature do its work.

The whole apple may be incased in a black paper bag and a vignette cut over the film part, which adds to the effect. Young ladies who go to the seaside to acquire a summer coat of tan have made use of the same "sensitizer" to imprint on their arm a photograph of their father or brother.

The Rare Old Grizzly.

The grizzly has now become so rare that even his habits and history are frequently misstated, and by those too who should speak with authority. It is a very common supposition that he is an animal of exclusive and solitary nature, who wanders alone along the snowline of the Sierras and the Rockies, descending only occasionally upon predatory visits to the valleys.

As Thomas S. Mosby points out in Harper's Weekly, this is now being exterminated, and he inhabits the snowline because he has been driven from valley and plain, and there is nowhere else to go.

A Word for White-Headed Heroes.

The world will ever have its youthful prodigies, but with age come reason and experience. The world will ever welcome youthful enthusiasm, but the governing heads must be seasoned with the years. We can ill afford to part with our heroes because the hand of time has whitened the hair, for beneath the heavy locks is the seasoned brain that has helped successfully to guide the course of the American ship of state.—St. Louis Republic.

Wrong Guess.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "you ride a great deal in the trolley cars, you say?"

"Yes, sir," replied the new patient.

"I see. Your trouble is due to your sedentary habits. Now, when you're at work, what do you do?"

"I'm a motorman."—Philadelphia Press.

Putting Him Next.

"When a new baby arrives at a man's house what is the proper thing to do?"

"If it is the first one, write him a note of congratulation; if it is anything over two write him a note of condolence."—Houston Post.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A Journalistic Phenomenon.

Hack Writer (on Daily Blowhard)—Please don't disturb me now, dear. I've got a column editorial to write on "The Marvelous Success of the Daily Blowhard, the Phenomenon of Modern Journalism."

His Wife—I only wanted to ask you for a little money to buy bread and milk for the children.

H. W.—Very sorry, my dear, but I haven't a cent. The Daily Blowhard hasn't paid any salaries for three weeks.—N. Y. Weekly.

Bad sick headaches, biliousness or constipation are quickly relieved by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill, sure pill, safe pill—prompt and pleasant in action. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

Nothing But the Truth.

Baconum—My physician tells me I am working too hard.

Marka—The M. D. evidently knows his business.

Baconum—Why do you think so?

Marka—I have been comparing notes with a few of our mutual friends and I find you have worked us pretty hard.

—Chicago Daily News.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N. Y.

Father Time's Joke.

Father Time had stopped to sharpen his scythe.

"Why," exclaimed the Fool Killer, who was close at hand, "you look thinner than when I met you last."

Father Time laughed.

"In that case," he replied, "I suppose you would allude to me as spare time."—Chicago Daily News.

Talk about your breakfast foods.

A thousand you can see I would not have them as a gift.

But would have Rocky Mountain Tea.

W. E. Dessermer.

An Appropriate Motto.

Cemetery Sculptor—You wish a monument to your aunt? Yes, sir. I knew your dear, departed relative very well, sir. She was all her life a beautiful housekeeper in my neighborhood. Do you wish a motto inscribed on it, sir?

Englishman—Oh, yes. Put on "Praise to her b'ashes."—N. Y. Weekly.

A cleaning, clean, cooling, soothing, healing household remedy—DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve. For burns, cuts, scratches, bruises, insect bites, and sore feet it is unequalled. Good for Piles. Beware of imitations. Get DeWitt's. It is the best. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

Didn't Want Her to Come.

Wife—Hear, dear, to-morrow is mother's birthday, and I'm thinking of sending her a nice traveling bag.

Husband—Don't, for Heaven's sake! She may take it for an invitation!

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulators. They operate easily, ease the stomach, cure constipation.

More Frenzied Finance.

Brown—I just made four dollars.

Green—How did you do it?

Brown—Short wanted to borrow five and I finally compromised by lending him one.

Thousands of people are daily suffering with kidney and bladder troubles—dangerous ailments that should be checked promptly. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are the best remedy for backache, weak kidneys, inflammation of the bladder. Their action is prompt and sure. A week's treatment for \$25. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

An Insignificant Bird.

Young Lady—That parrot you sold me last week doesn't talk at all.

Dealer—Yes; but you said you wanted one that wouldn't be a nuisance to the neighbors.—N. Y. Weekly.

Your brain goes on a strike when you overload your stomach; both need blood to do business. Nutrition is what you want, and it comes by taking Hellett's Rocky Mountain Tea. 25 cents, Tea or Tablets. W. E. Dessermer.

Dust Protection.

Gannex—That is a very polite poster they have on this train.

Gayer—Yes.

Gannex—Yes; before he begins to break you down he hands you a pile of automobile goggles.—Chicago Daily News.

Columbus just landed; meeting a big Indian chief with a package under his arm, he asked what it was. "Great medicine, Hellett's Rocky Mountain Tea," said the Indian. 25 cents, Tea or Tablets. W. E. Dessermer.

Healthy.

Mrs. Caller—I suppose your new neighbor is a very entertaining woman.

She has been abroad so long and has seen everything worth seeing.

Mrs. Illington—On the contrary, I find her quite tiresome. Why, she actually hasn't anything at all the matter with her.—Chicago Daily News.

Can't look well, eat well or feel well with impure blood feeding your body. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean and you will have long life.

Some One Liked Them.

"What do you think of Dauber's pictures? Pretty bad, aren't they?"

"Yes; and yet I know one man who thinks them very fine, and who owns a lot of them."

"Who, for goodness' sake?"

"Dauber."—Royal Magazine.

Nearly all old-fashioned cough syrups are constipating, especially those that contain opiates. They don't act just right. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup contains no opiates. It drives the cold out of the system by gently moving the bowels. Contains Honey and Tar and tastes nearly as good as maple syrup. Children like it. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

Brutal with Ideas.

"Your husband is not looking well to-night, Mrs. Rhymer."

"He isn't, and I'm not at all surprised at it."

"Not? Has he been overworking himself lately?"

"It isn't that so much; it's his originality. Why, that man is struck with as many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises."—Royal Magazine.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or bilious piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

A Serious Matter.

Young Wife—What? Do you mean to say your brother and his wife have given up house-keeping and gone to boarding?

Husband—Yes, but what difference does that make?

Young Wife—Oh, nothing; only in about a week or so they'll be dropping in every day to meals.—N. Y. Weekly.

When there is the slightest indication of indigestion, heart burn, flatulence or any form of stomach trouble take a little Kodol occasionally and you will be afforded prompt relief. Kodol is a compound of vegetable acids and contains the juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol digests what you eat, makes your food do you good. Sold by H. S. Pushard.

Nature's Critic.

Mrs. Gulliver—What a lovely rainbow that is!

Mrs. Nurich—Do you think so?

Mrs. Gulliver—Why, don't you?

Mrs. Nurich—Oh, I dare say it's all very well, but the colors are too loud for my taste.

Self-Protection.

"Why," asked the inquisitive person, "do some of your gossips sign their articles, while others do not?"

"Those who do not," explained the magazine editor, "threatened to quit unless the other articles were signed."—Chicago Daily News.

Illness, eczema, itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment cures the most obstinate cases. Why suffer. All druggists sell it.

Wanted Mirth.

"One is as foolish as the other," remarked the audible thinker.

"What are you talking about?" queried the party of the interlocutor's part.

"The woman who is married to a man to reform him and the man who marries a woman to reform her," explained he of the noisy thoughts.—Chicago Daily News.

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them—Dr. Sheep's Headache Tablets. Headache, Moulds, Tooth-ache, Period pains, etc., are all cured by these. Dr. Sheep's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by causing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Sheep, Keokuk, Wia. Sold by H. S. Pushard.



"Mr. Randolph, it's Scolding Over Here and Getting Hotter Every Second."

office, and glad I was to get out. He's on the war-path, Mr. Randolph—colder than I ever saw him. The last time he broke loose was child's play to his mood today. Mother sent me word this morning that she saw last night the spell was coming. He had been up to see her and sisters, and mother thought from his tone he was about to disappear again. When she told me of his mood, and I remembered the day, I was afraid he would be back about town till long after midnight. The minute I opened his office door he flew at me like a panther. I told him I had just dropped in on my rounds for an order, as they were running off right away, and I didn't know but he might like to pick up some bargains. "Hear!" he roared, "don't you know the day? Don't you know it is Friday, the 13th? Go back to that hellpit and sell, sell, sell!" "What and how much?" I asked. "Anything, everything. Give the thieves every share they will take, and when they won't take any more, run as much again down their throats until they spit up all they have been hoarding for the last three months!" Going out I met Jim Holliday and Frank Swan rushing in. They are evidently executing their orders, and have been pouring out the door for an hour. They will be on the floor again in a few minutes, so I thought I better to call you before I started to sell. Mr. Randolph, they cannot take much more of anything in here, and it will begin to throw stocks over, it will bring the gravel inside of ten minutes, and that will be to announce a dozen failures. It's yet 20 minutes to one, and God only knows what will happen before three. It's up to you, Mr. Randolph, to do something, and unless I am on a bad start, you haven't many minutes to lose."

It was then I dropped the receiver with "I thought so much!" As I

stom of Bob—and his option during the past five years had been exercised many a time—mother and brother had to take their place with all the rest of the world for then Bob knew no kinder, no friends. All the wide world was to him during those periods a jungle peopled with savage animals and reptiles to hunt and fight and tear and kill.

It is hardly necessary for me to explain how Randolph & Randolph have for more than 60 years the name has spoken for itself in every part of the world where dollar-making machines are installed. No railroad is financed, no "industrial" protected, without by force of habit, but in banking a by-your-leaves of Randolph & Randolph, and every nation when entering the market for loans, knows that the favor of the foremost American bankers is something which must be reckoned with. I ride myself that at 42, at the end of ten years I have had the helm of Randolph & Randolph. I have done nothing to mar the great name my father and uncle created, but something to add to its sterling reputation for honest dealing, fearless, old-fashioned methods, and all-around integrity. Bradstreet's and other mercantile agencies say in reporting Randolph & Randolph: "Worth fifty millions and upward, credit unlimited." I take but small praise for this, for the report was about the same the day I left college and came to the office to "learn the business." But, as the survivor of my great father and uncle, I can say my Maker as my witness, that Randolph & Randolph have never loaned a dollar of their millions at over legal rates, six per cent. per annum; have never added to their board by any but fair, square business methods; and that light of bright, freented finance, has yet to shed a lasting place beneath the old black and gold sign that father and uncle nailed up with their own hands over the entrance.

Of course, I thought you said

your wife could cash.

His Mother—Then what are you

giving about?

His Son—She won't—Chicago Daily

News.

Putting Him Next.

"When a new baby arrives at a man's house what is the proper thing to do?"

"If it is the first one, write him a note of congratulation; if it is anything over two write him a note of condolence."—Houston Post.

Wrong Guess.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "you ride a great deal in the trolley cars, you say?"

"Yes, sir," replied the new patient.

"I see. Your trouble is due to your sedentary habits. Now, when you're at work, what do you do?"

"I'm a motorman."—Philadelphia Press.

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